

The history

He stand to day for thee and me and Troy.

Troyl. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a Lion then a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide mee
for it.

Troyl. When many times the captiue Grecian falls,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire sword.
You bid them rise and liue.

Hect. O tis faire play.

Troyl. Fooles play by heauen *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troyl. Forth'loue of all the gods

Lets leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mother,
And when we haue our armors buckled on,
The venomd vengeance ride vpon our swords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, raine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie sauage, fie.

Troyl. *Hector* then 'tis warres.

Hect. *Troilus* I would not haue you fight to day.

Troyl. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire,
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares,
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne,
Opposd to hinder me, should stop my way.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cass. Lay hold vpon him, *Priam* hold him fast,
He is thy crutch: now if thou loose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, go back,
Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions,

Cassandra doth foresee, and I my selfe,
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:

There-

of *Troilus* and

Therefore come back.

Hec. *Eneas* is a field,
And I do stand, engagd to many
Euen in the faith of valour to ap
This morning to them.

Priam. I but thou shalt not g

Hec. I must not breake my fa
You know me dutifull, therefore
Let me not shame respect, but g
To take that course by your co
Which you do here forbid me n

Cass. O *Priam* yeeld not to hi

And. Do not deere father.

Hec. *Andromache* I am offe
Vpon the loue you beare me g
Troyl. This foolish dreaming
Makes all these bodements.

Cass. O farewell deere *Hector*
Looke how thou dy'st, looke h
Lo ke how thy wounds do ble
Harke how Troy roares, how f
How poore *Andromache* shrils
Behold, destruction, frenzie, and
Like witlesse antiques one ano
And all crye *Hector, Hector* de

Troyl. Away, away.

Cass. Farewell, yet soft: *Hec*
Thou do'st thy selfe and all our

Hec. You are amaz'd my lie
Goe in and cheere the towne,
Weele forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise, and te

Priam. Farewell, the gods

Troyl. They are at it harke,
I come to loose my arme, or wi

Enter Pa